


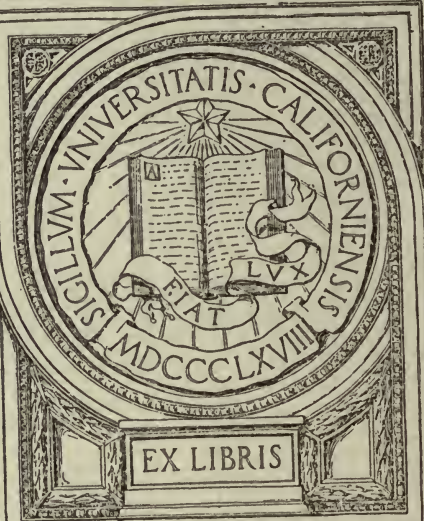
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ARMY LESSONS IN ENGLISH



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Upton, Camp, N. Y.

ARMY LESSONS
IN
ENGLISH

Military Stories



MARSHAL FOCH

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1920

Foreword



THE subject matter contained herein was prepared at the Recruit Educational Center, Camp Upton, New York, which has been in operation since May 1, 1919.

The normal length of the course at the Recruit Educational Center is four months. The students are all men who have been enlisted as illiterate and non-English speaking. The men are grouped together in an organization consisting of two battalions. The program consists of about three and one-half hours' military drill and three hours' actual school work. The full power of the military control is used to compel the maximum attendance.

Several methods of teaching have been tried out and discarded until gradually the present method has been evolved.

The course was originated and developed by Captain Garry C. Myers, Sanitary Corps, Director of Education, who was assisted in the work of developing details by practically the entire corps of instructors of the Recruit Educational Center. Space does not permit mentioning the names of the individuals concerned, but to all of them the Recruit Educational Center acknowledges due credit. The military stories were originated and developed by First Lieutenant Walter H. Wells, Infantry, under the supervision of Major Louis T. Byrne, Infantry, United States Army, commanding the center.

This course is being sent out with the belief that it will be found of great assistance in teaching men throughout the service, who (while they have been classified as literate when they entered the service) require a better knowledge of the English language to enable them to perform properly the duties of a soldier.

Wall charts, word cards, penmanship strips and writing scale mentioned herein may be obtained on requisition to the War Department.

SCHOOL OFFICE,
RECRUIT EDUCATIONAL CENTER.

CAMP UPTON, N. Y., JUNE, 1920.

THE DOUGHBOY'S FRIEND

MURANGE and Johnson were bunkies. They had enlisted together, had done their first K.P. together, and when the Company had been organized by squads they had managed to get into the same squad.

One morning orders arrived transferring Johnson to a far-distant post. Murange bade his friend good-bye, and as he saw the detachment march off to the train he felt that he had lost the best friend that he had made in the army.

"Sergeant," said Murange to the old-timer who slept next to him, "you've been in the service a long time. I suppose you lost your best friend long ago. Did you ever hear from him?"

Sergeant Friedman looked up with an amused smile, blew a smoke ring, and said: "Son, I've made a few friends in my time, but, after all, the best friend I ever made in the army is still with me. He's standing right by my bunk now."



"The soldier's best friend"

Murange looked up wonderingly, for it happened that he and the sergeant were the only ones in quarters. The only thing standing near the sergeant's bunk was his remarkably well-cared-for rifle, whose stock fairly reflected the sunbeams that streamed in through the window.

"Yes," said the sergeant, "a doughboy's rifle is the best friend he ever has in the army. Treat him well and he will stand by you through thick and thin. Very little attention he requires, too, considering what he can do for you if you will give him a fair deal. Keep the bore and bolt properly oiled, keep the whole rifle clean, and you will pass inspection with ease.

"On the range, where good shooting means extra dollars on pay-day, clean the bore with the soda solution as soon as possible after each day's firing, and then cover it with a thin coating of oil. Remember, when you need your rifle, you need it badly, and you want to hit what you shoot at. Take a tip from me, treat your rifle as your best friend."

TIPS FROM A WAR VETERAN

GEORGE WOODS always had lived on a farm in the country, far away from any school. He never had left home till our country entered the World War, when he was drafted and sent to France.

Woods was in many battles. Twice he was cited for bravery in the face of the enemy, but because he lacked education he never was promoted.

Soon after the armistice was signed he returned to America and was discharged from the army. However, he was not satisfied with the old life and realized how badly handicapped he was by not knowing how to read and write. So when he heard that the army was enlisting men like him and sending them to school, he re-enlisted.

One night he was telling a group of other recruits about his experiences in France. "I tell you, fellows, I have seen many officers, some very strict and others easy, but the best one I have ever known was Lieutenant Grey, who was the strictest but kindest man under whom I ever served. It was a pleasure to look him in the eye and salute. He always returned it just as snappily as you gave it. I used to think as I saluted, 'I respect you and will obey you,' and I advise you fellows to think the same. If a man did not salute properly he would always stop and tell him just what mistake he had made.

"He was extremely strict about small details; a soldier wearing a hat with a brim that needed pressing, with shoes unpolished, with a wrinkled uniform, with a coat unbuttoned, with long hair, or any one of the many other things which careless soldiers neglect, was sure to be corrected or disciplined.

"We never realized how important it was to look after such things till we got up into the Argonne, when we found that the habit of correcting each mistake and always watching details had so trained us that we had everything arranged. Why, the first night in the line my company was the only outfit in the regiment that got food up on time; and it was just because Lieutenant Grey had watched the small details and made each man do his full duty every minute. I remember he said to us one night: 'If you will take care of the little things, you will soon find that the big things will take care of themselves.'"

Just then the company commander entered the room on a tour of inspection. Woods, who had formed the habit of being constantly on the alert, was the first to see him. He came to a rigid attention, snatched the cigarette out of his mouth, removed his hat and yelled "Attention!" The captain noted with pleasure the soldierly manner in which his men had immediately stopped all games, smoking and talking. "Rest!" he said. It was an easy inspection.



"One night he was telling a group of recruits about his experiences in France"

IMPROVING THE MESS

OLD Sergeant Franznick of Company "D" had just finished serving dinner. He was standing near the garbage can and getting madder and madder each minute. Finally one man came up and threw away almost a full mess-kit of food. The sergeant could no longer stand by and see good food wasted.



"The sergeant could no longer stand by and see good food wasted"

"Come over here; you fellows washing your mess-kits, come here, too. I have heard a lot of talk from men in this company about poor food. You men think I am responsible. You are wrong. You men prevent us from eating like Company 'A.' If you would never accept more food than you can eat, we would have ice cream and pies like other outfits. I could save money for you. As it is,

most of you have eyes which are bigger than your stomachs. Never take more than you are sure you will eat. If still hungry, come back for seconds. I will see that you get them."

The sergeant then turned to Jansen, the last man to empty his mess-kit, and said, "Jansen, I shall watch you. You have talked about this mess and all the time by your wastefulness you were preventing us from improving it. If you fellows will act like old soldiers and not like recruits, we will have excellent food. The Government ration is very liberal."

Jansen turned to the sergeant and said, "I, for one, will help. What can I do?" Sergeant Franznick, finding that the man agreed with him, said, "Speak to every man you see wasting food. Tell me if he continues to waste it."

In a very short time the mess was the best in the regiment. Every man was getting all the food he wanted and they had a much larger variety. This is a lesson every soldier should learn.

THE AMERICAN WAY

"YOU did!" shouted José, madly. "Don't tell me I did," yelled Rudolf. And as José seized a knife from the mess table, Rudolf picked up a chair and swung it at the wrathful José's head.

With a leap, Sergeant Hart sprang between the two men. "Stop that!" he ordered. "Drop that knife and put down that chair. If you fellows want to fight you will fight in the American way. We will not

stand for any European methods of settling arguments around here. Come with me."

Sergeant Hart quickly obtained a pair of boxing gloves and took the two men down back of the stables. He explained to them that American soldiers always settle disputes with their fists, that a man who attacks another with a knife, a chair or a club is looked upon as a coward and as a fellow who is afraid to fight it out man to man with fists.

The Latin and Slav glowered at each other as they clumsily put on the gloves, and with Sergeant Hart refereeing and keeping time they started to settle the argument.

José led off with his right, striking Rudolf's nose and making it bleed. Rudolf countered with a hard left uppercut which made José's head snap backward. No other good blows were struck that round.

The fight went on for five more rounds, with José, who had started it, gradually tiring and getting severely punished.

When Sergeant Hart saw that José was no longer able to defend himself he stopped the fight. "Shake hands," he said. "Each of you has shown the other fellow that he is a good man. Forget your argument and be friends. In that way you will be playing the game like American soldiers."



"The American way"

MORRIS LOSES HIS GIRL

RECRUITS Morris and Lavin had been in Company "K" for two weeks. During that time their non-commissioned officers had learned a great deal about their habits. Lavin had been well liked from the first, on account of his cleanliness and quietness. His sergeant had noticed him brush his teeth in the morning and again after each meal; he had seen him stop to wash his hands before eating, instead of running to get first in line, as some of the other men did. The captain had noticed that the new recruit's face was always clean and shaved and that his hair was neatly trimmed.

Morris and Lavin had talked about the army soon after they enlisted, when Lavin had said, "Morris, take a tip from me. I have watched these old soldiers and they are the cleanest men I have ever lived with. I know they press their uniforms very often and always have them altered to fit perfectly. I think that if you and I copy the good habits of old soldiers,

we shall be better liked and shall make friends among them. The officers also will like us."

Morris agreed with Lavin, but replied: "You are right, but I did not join the army to keep brushing and polishing all the time. I intend to do as little work as possible and yet keep out of trouble."

"Yes," answered Lavin. "But you do not have a feeling of self-respect if your uniform is dirty; moreover, you cannot dodge details, for they are part of your military duty."

Several months had passed since the two soldiers had talked about the army. Lavin was now a first-class private, but Morris was still a private and known as a shirker by everybody in the company. He had been late at formations, and when on fatigue details he did as little work as possible.

The two friends had planned to attend a dance in a nearby town and had invited two ladies to go with them. Neither of them expected any trouble in obtaining a pass, so when they saw the 1st sergeant they were much surprised, for he said: "Lavin, you may go; enjoy yourself. Morris, you stay here; no passes for a man who would probably disgrace himself and the whole company by wearing a wrinkled uniform."

Morris pleaded with the sergeant, but it was no use. He was not even permitted to see the captain about it. Morris decided to see the captain in spite of the sergeant. So, waiting until the orderly room was empty, he entered and knocked at the captain's door. When bidden to enter he saluted and said, "Sir, Private Morris requests permission to leave camp tonight."

"Did the 1st sergeant give you permission to see me?" asked the captain.

"No, sir," replied Morris, "but—"



"Lavin got what he deserved and so did Morris"

"No 'buts' about it; you disobeyed orders in seeing me without his permission. Do you want to be court-martialed for disobeying a standing order, or will you take my punishment?"

Poor Morris now realized to what his careless habits had led. He now knew that the captain had noticed that he had not been as good a soldier as he might have been.

The captain watched him and said: "Morris, if you were an older soldier I would send you straight to the guard-house. I'm tempted to do so, anyway, because you are not playing the 'game.' You are careless and lazy. Speak up. Which is it to be?"

Morris hated to give up the dance, but he saw that he had done wrong and would have to pay the penalty.

"Sir, Private Morris will take the captain's punishment."

"All right," said the captain. "Two weeks' detail as washroom orderly, and, remember, you are getting off easy. Let this be a lesson to you."

Lavin took both of the ladies to the dance. Like a gentleman, he told them that Morris was unable to be present, but carefully avoided telling why, so as to conceal the trouble. The girls noticed that he did not want to talk about his friend, so they continued to ask questions until they had the whole story. Lavin's soldierly instincts would not permit him to tell a lie. Finally, when the girls discovered the real reason for Morris' absence, one of them said: "My mother and my girl friends would

not want me to associate with a soldier who gets into trouble on account of careless habits."



"The score is two to one"

AN ADVENTURE IN NEW YORK

LATTELL and Hansen were two recruits on pass for the first time in New York. Saturday night they had seen a good show, and after mingling with the crowds on Broadway for a while they had gone to a hotel thoroughly tired out.

Early the next morning they decided to separate, each man going in search of adventure. The man having the best adventure was to win a good dinner from the other fellow. Lattell had a big advantage over Hansen, for his uniform had been altered so that it fitted perfectly; it had also been cleaned and pressed before leaving camp.

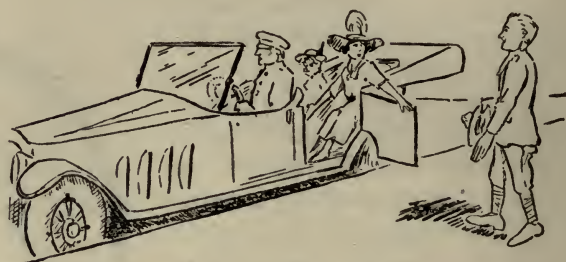
After breakfast they parted. Lattell first went to a barber shop, where he had his hair trimmed, his face shaved and his shoes shined. Before leaving the hotel he had scrubbed his hands and cleaned his fingernails, so that he was now a chesty-looking soldier, ready for any kind of adventure.

Leaving the shop, he walked up Madison Avenue wondering if anything exciting would happen and just where to search for adventure.

Presently an automobile stopped near him and a sweet, low voice called, "Soldier, where are you going?" Lattell looked around in surprise. He saw a big car with a beautiful young lady sitting in the back and an elderly lady beside her.

"If you have nothing to do," said the elderly lady, as she opened the door, "we would be glad to have you go to church with us."

Lattell, removing his hat, replied, "Thank you. It is my first visit



to New York and I would be glad to go with you." He entered the car and introduced himself to the ladies.

Lattell went to church with them and was invited to dinner at their home. He spent the afternoon riding around the city with the young lady, who showed him all the interesting sights and told him why her mother had spoken that morning. "Mother always picks up soldiers who are clean and neat, who look as though they are proud to be soldiers. She likes to entertain them." Lattell had supper with his new friends and spent a very enjoyable evening. Before leaving he received a very pressing invitation to call every time he came to the city.

Hansen was at the station when Lattell arrived in the automobile. He immediately went over to the car and said: "Lattell, you win. I have had my lesson."

"What happened?" asked Lattell.

"Well, I left you and walked up Broadway until I decided that there would be no adventure for me today, when suddenly it came. I did not notice an officer and failed to salute him. He stopped me and described exactly what kind of a soldier I was: 'No shave, long hair, dirty shoes, and does not even salute. Give me your name and organization. You are a disgrace, not only to yourself, but to the whole army.' I have learned a lesson and shall not forget it."

A United States soldier in a clean uniform has a pass anywhere. His conduct should be as clean as his uniform. Such is the true value of the American army.

A GOOD SOLDIER'S REWARD

JOSE MORALES was a good soldier. One of the many things he always did was to read the bulletin board many times each day. One night after supper he noticed that he was detailed to go on guard on the next night. As he would be busy at school and drill the next day, he went to his bunk at once to examine his clothes and his equipment.

His belt was clean and adjusted to fit tight. His best blouse had some spots on it, so he took it to the tailor, who promised to clean and press it that night. His best shoes were polished so well that he could see himself in them. He then took his rifle out of its cover. He cleaned the bore and chamber and every little screw-head. He rubbed the stock with raw linseed oil until it shone beautifully. He then felt that he was ready to be inspected by Captain Black, the strictest officer in the Center.

Morales still remembered his first guard tour. He did not then understand what the guard meant. He had not realized his important duty. He did not then know that a man who did not care for himself could not care for his country and for his comrades. On that first guard Captain Black had sent him back. His comrades had made fun of him and he had felt ashamed ever since. The pride inherited from his Spanish ancestors was hurt.

After school the next day he ran back to quarters, for he had not much time before guard mount. He shaved, washed his face and hands, cleaned his finger nails, brushed his hair and put on his clean, freshly pressed uniform. He brushed the dust off his already shined shoes and gave his rifle a final cleaning. First call for guard mount then sounded, so he ran downstairs in order not to be late.

When he saw the officer of the day, Captain Black, inspecting the guard, and heard one man rejected, he again recalled his first tour of guard duty. When the officer of the day finished inspecting the guard he returned to Morales and looked at his hat. Morales and Riggs were both very good, but Riggs had not sewed his hat cord on, while Morales had. Therefore Morales was chosen as orderly to



"Go to the city and enjoy yourself"

the commanding officer, an honor he had always aspired to, because the commanding officer's orderly did not have to sleep with the guard and he received a 48 hours' pass. He could sleep in his own bunk in barracks.

When Morales was told to report to the commanding officer as orderly, he went to his company room, placed his rifle in the arm rack, and then went to headquarters. Just before he knocked on the commanding officer's door he made sure that his hat was on straight and that his clothes were all right. When he knocked on the door he was directed to "come in." He walked in front of the commanding officer's desk, halted, faced the major, saluted and reported: "Sir, Recruit Morales, Company A, reports as orderly."

The commanding officer looked Morales over very carefully and then said: "Morales, as my orderly you will take orders from no one except me during the next twenty-four hours. Relieve the old orderly and report to me here at 8 A.M. I shall not need you before then."

Morales returned to his company, where the other members of the guard were rolling up their blankets, preparing for a night on post. Morales was happy because he did not have to walk post and he could see the big show at the Liberty. As he walked past the guard house on his way to the theater the members of the guard envied him. As he returned from the show it began to rain, and shortly after he returned it rained heavily. He thought of how wise he had been to spend a few minutes the night before in cleaning his equipment. His rifle was not getting wet or rusty.

*revised
is slow*
The next day he reported promptly at 8 o'clock, but he had very little to do. He had a few little errands to run. What he most enjoyed was when he accompanied the commanding officer when he went to a nearby town on official business in the commanding officer's automobile.

Every member of the guard has an opportunity to become the commanding officer's orderly. Morales had the cleanest uniform and equipment. He was chosen as orderly because the man with the cleanest uniform and equipment in each guard is chosen as orderly to the commanding officer.

THE DESERTED HOUSE

MYERS, the guard at post No. 6, had been watching a light in an old deserted house about three hundred yards away. Finally he decided it was suspicious, so, going to the end of his post nearest the guard house, he shouted: "Corporal of the guard, No. 6!" As there were only eight posts located in a circle around the camp, he heard No. 7 pick up the call and repeat: "Corporal of the guard, No. 6!"

The corporal arrived, and when Myers had pointed out the light to him he said: "I know what it is. Two prisoners escaped tonight and I

believe they are in that house preparing to make their final dash to get away. I am going to capture those fellows myself."

The corporal disappeared into the darkness while Myers anxiously watched, wondering what would happen. Presently he heard two low snaps, like the snapping of a gun sling against the barrel of a rifle. As this was a pre-arranged signal, Myers did not challenge but stood at port arms peering out into the night.



"Myers had been watching a light in an old, deserted house"

The corporal reappeared, beckoned Myers to follow him and said in a low voice: "Come with me, Myers; there are two of them, but one might get away, for the house has two doors." As they carefully made their way to the house, the corporal ex-

plained that he would go to one door while Myers went to the other. At the corporal's signal both were to jump into the doorways and cover the two men with their rifles.

Although the guards meant to retake the escaped prisoners without harming them, if that were possible, they were ready to use butt, bayonet or bullet in case they showed the slightest sign of resistance.

The plan worked perfectly. Myers heard the two snaps from his position near the back door and jumped into the room, covering the men and yelling "Hands up!" At the same instant the corporal sprang into the other doorway and added to Myers' yell, "If either of you attempt to get away, we'll fire." The escaped prisoners, taken by surprise, were completely overawed. The dash and energy of the two guards bursting into the room took all the fight out of them.

The corporal took the prisoners back to the guard house and Myers resumed his post.

Several days later a camp order was issued: "Private Myers, Company F, is hereby cited for his strict observance of general orders in assisting in the capture of two escaped general prisoners."



"The escaped prisoners, taken by surprise, were completely overawed"

General Order No. 2

To walk my post in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing.

General Order No. 4

To repeat all calls from posts more distant from the guard house than my own.

General Order No. 11

In any case not covered by instructions, to call the corporal of the guard.

General Order No. 12

To be especially watchful at night, and, during the time for challenging, to challenge all persons on or near my post, and to allow no one to pass without proper authority.

A BUSY NIGHT ON NUMBER EIGHT

BLACK was a little fellow; in fact, his friends said that when he enlisted he had stood on tip-toe to pass the doctor. Tonight he was walking post No. 8, through which ran one of the roads leading to camp.

He had been quite busy; it seemed that every minute his sharp, loud "Halt! Who's there?" would break the stillness of the night. Usually the answer was, "Friends." Sharply the guard would reply, "Advance one to be recognized." Sometimes, as they approached, Black would have to order "Halt!" as some of the party would advance also instead of waiting until Black had recognized the first man as a friend and said, "Advance, Friends." The sentinel was not going to allow more than one man to approach at once, for, if he did, they might attempt to rush by him. When challenging Black kept his rifle at port arms, for in that position he could more easily push it straight out and knock an enemy down or swing the butt up in a butt stroke at his chest or head.

Things had quieted down when Black heard several horses coming up the road. "Halt! Dismount! Who's there?" The horsemen pulled up and the voice answering the challenge sent a thrill through the alert guard. "Officers!" was the answer, but the voice was that of the commanding general. "Advance one officer to be recognized!" Black shouted.

He felt a little weak at the knees, giving orders to his general and making him dismount, but orders were orders, and Black knew that he would be disobeying them to permit a mounted man to approach at night.

The general dismounted and, leading his horse, walked up to the guard, who was standing at "port arms." Black recognized him at once

and came to a snappy present arms, saying, "Advance, Officers," loud enough for the party in the rear to hear.



"Black came to a snappy present arms"

As the general again mounted his horse he said to one of the approaching officers, "Men like that do not remain privates very long."

General Order No. 2

To walk my post in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing.

General Order No. 11

To salute all officers and all colors or standards not cased.

General Order No. 12

To be especially watchful at night, and, during the time for challenging, to challenge all persons on or near my post, and to allow no one to pass without proper authority.

COVERED BY GENERAL ORDERS

IT was during the time for challenging. Wilson's post had been very quiet. As he walked it, all alert, he thought of how, in case of fire, he would discharge his rifle twice, arouse the men in the burning building, and then turn in the alarm. Wilson had formed the habit of thinking beforehand how he would handle various situations which might arise, while he was in charge of his post. In a few minutes, however, something was to happen of which Wilson had never heard.

He saw three figures approaching down the road. "Halt! Who's there?" he shouted. "Member of the guard and two prisoners," was the reply. Wilson started to advance one of them. Suddenly he thought: "I cannot recognize a prisoner, and if the guard advances the prisoners may escape." The prisoners' guard, becoming impatient, called: "Well, sentry, hurry up and let us through." Poor old Wilson was tempted to direct them to try some other post. He did not know what to do.

Suddenly he remembered his general orders. "Corporal of the guard, No. 4!" he shouted. He heard the sentinel on No. 3 repeat the call, "Corporal of the guard, No. 4!" Then he told the prisoners and their guard to stand where they were. When the corporal arrived, he found that the challenged party really was a guard with prisoners. He made them go around to No. 1 post to enter, because all prisoners must enter or leave camp at No. 1. If Wilson had thought of his general orders immediately he would have known what to do.



"The Corporal made the guard and the prisoners go around to Post No. 1 to enter"

General Order No. 2

To walk my post in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing.

General Order No. 10

In any case not covered by instructions, to call the corporal of the guard.

General Order No. 12

To be especially watchful at night and, during the time for challenging, to challenge all persons on or near my post, and to allow no one to pass without proper authority.

A GOOD MAN GONE WRONG

IT was almost midnight. Murphy had an extremely lonely post, No. 12, on the edge of a large wood. As he was walking it, alertly scanning the woods, he heard a noise as if someone was trying to crawl across his post. Murphy's short, sharp "Halt! Who's there?" rang out, and the noise ceased.

The watchful sentinel, with his rifle at port arms, rapidly advanced toward the place from which the noise had come. Suddenly a man arose from behind a thick bush. "I am just going to my quarters," he said. Murphy, with his rifle still at port arms, replied: "You will have to enter camp by the road at No. 1 post. It is after taps."



"A good man gone wrong"

All at once the man made a rush to get by the sentinel and attempted to knock him over, but Murphy made short work of him. As his rifle was at the port, a very good position for defense or offense, he swung the butt upwards with lightning speed, struck the man's jaw with a crash and knocked him out.

"Corporal of the guard, No. 12!" called Murphy. In a short time the corporal arrived. Murphy explained the case in a very few words. "Another good man gone wrong; stayed out after taps without a pass, and then, instead of taking his medicine like a man, tried to sneak in."

The corporal took the prisoner, who had come to wondering what had struck him, to the guard house, and Murphy resumed his lonely post with a feeling of satisfaction that he had done his duty as a good soldier should.

General Order No. 1

To take charge of this post and all Government property in view.

General Order No. 2

To walk my post in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing.

General Order No. 12

To be especially watchful at night and, during the time for challenging, to challenge all persons on or near my post, and to allow no one to pass without proper authority.

EASY MONEY

SEVERAL of Kryzick's friends were engaged in a heated discussion near his post. As he passed them they would look toward him and point at his rifle. The argument was evidently about the gun.

Finally, one of the group, whom Kryzick recognized as a man who slept near him, came up and said: "I have a chance to make some easy money and will go halves with you. Let me see your rifle a minute?"

The sentinel knew it was against general orders to surrender his piece to anybody excepting the commanding officer, officer of the day, officer of the guard, and non-commissioned officers of the guard. In spite of this fact, "easy money" sounded good to him, and as there was no one in sight except his friends, he handed over his rifle. The man at once took out the bolt, returned the rifle to Kryzick and walked toward his friends, saying, "I will bring it right back to you."



This group of friends, whom Kryzick thought were true friends, thought they were playing a joke on him. Really they were getting the sentinel into serious trouble, for just then the officer of the day came around the corner on a tour of inspection. Kryzick saw him at once and hoped he would not notice the missing bolt. He came to a snappy "present

"The officer noted the absence of the bolt" arms," hoping that the officer would merely return the salute and pass on.

But such was not the case; the officer of the day stopped in front of Kryzick and asked him for his general orders. The sweat stood out on

the sentinel's forehead and his knees began to shake. He knew that he should come to "port arms" when talking, but if he did so the inspecting officer would see that the bolt was missing. In the meantime, Kryzick's friends were badly frightened, for they knew that the joke had changed into a very serious matter. The man with the bolt threw it on the ground and the group disappeared into a nearby building.

The officer was surprised that Kryzick, whom he had always known to be a good soldier, did not come to "port arms." He asked if it were not the rule for a sentinel to come to "port arms" when talking with anyone. Now the unsoldierly sentinel executed "port arms." The officer noted the absence of the bolt. The whole thing was clear at once. Kryzick had disobeyed orders in allowing someone other than the commanding officer, officer of the day, officer of the guard or non-commissioned officer of the guard to touch his rifle.

The officer of the day left the post and immediately thereafter the corporal of the guard relieved Kryzick and placed him in the guard house. A new guard was posted. Kryzick was later tried by court-martial.

General Order No. 6

To receive, obey and pass on to the sentinel who relieves me all orders from the commanding officer, officer of the day, and officers and non-commissioned officers of the guard only.

General Order No. 7

To talk to no one except in line of duty.

General Order No. 11

To salute all officers and all colors or standards not cased.

NUMBER NINE RELIEF

"THIRD Relief, fall in." Spear got up from his bunk with a splitting headache. He did not speak to anyone about it, however, for Spear was not a quitter. Besides, he thought that the fresh air might make him feel better.

He marched around in the rain and at first he did feel better, but after relieving the old sentinel on No. 9, the pain grew worse and he felt feverish. So after walking his post a few times he went to the point nearest the guard house and shouted "Corporal of the guard, No. 9, relief!" He heard No. 8 repeat the call, "Corporal of the guard, No. 9, relief!" Then when he faintly heard No. 7 pick up the call, he knew his relief would soon appear.

He continued to walk his post, however, till he saw two figures approaching. "Halt! Who's there?" he shouted as loudly as a sick

man could. "Relief," was the answer in his corporal's voice, and Spear felt good.

"Advance one to be recognized!" commanded the sentry. As the corporal came up Spear recognized him and called, "Advance relief!"

"What is the trouble, Spear?" questioned the corporal.

"I feel very sick, corporal, and have a high fever," replied Spear.

"All right, give McCarthy your special orders."

With McCarthy standing opposite him, and the corporal between them, Spear repeated in a low voice: "Post No. 9 extends from Second Street to Third Street; I will allow no one to cross the post without a pass." Then the corporal asked McCarthy if he understood, and, upon finding that he did, led the sick man back to the guard house, and had him sent to the hospital.



"Give McCarthy your special orders"

General Order No. 4

To repeat all calls from posts more distant from the guard house than my own.

General Order No. 5

To quit my post only when properly relieved.

General Order No. 6

To receive, obey and pass on to the sentinel who relieves me all orders from the commanding officer, officer of the day, and officers and non-commissioned officers of the guard only.

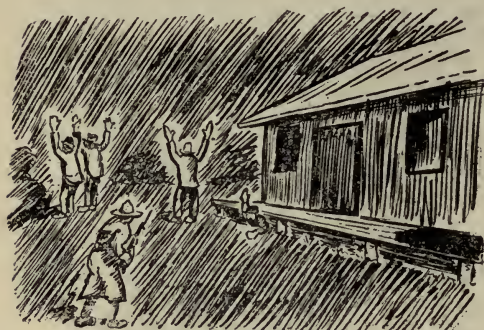
THE GUARD NUMBER SIX

THE quartermaster warehouse, a large low building with a platform running along one side, had been robbed a number of times in the past month. Valuable Government property, such as field glasses, had been stolen.

Finally the commanding officer decided that the sentinels were not doing their duty, and he gave orders that if anything were stolen that

night the sentinels who were posted at the warehouse would be court-martialed for neglect of duty.

Private Lansac, who had the 1 A.M. to 3 A.M. tour, was walking



"The guard No. 6"

his post when he heard a slight noise under the platform and a similar noise across the road, as if someone had stumbled. He at once sharply challenged "Halt! who's there?" With his rifle at port, he rapidly crossed the road.

Suddenly two men jumped up and started to run. The alert sentinel's challenge again

rang out: "Halt! or I'll fire." The men, however, did not heed his cry but continued to run. "Halt! or I'll fire," repeated Lansac as he unlocked his piece, stopped running and took careful aim at the legs of the fleeing men. There was no need to fire, however, for the men halted and threw their hands up, crying: "All right; don't fire." With a growl Lansac commanded: "Get out here in the road and if either of you tries to get away, I'll put a bullet through you. The Guard Number Six."

Lansac still had work to do. He placed the two prisoners between him and the platform with their backs toward him. His next move was a surprise. He remembered the noise under the platform and thought that there might still be somebody hiding there; so holding his rifle at his hip, he shouted: "I see you fellows, get out here quick or I'll fire." Much to Lansac's surprise two men crawled out and lined up alongside of the other two.

The guards, who had been sleeping fully equipped, had turned out at the first alarm and had run to Lansac's help. They came up just in time to see the last of his prisoners crawl out. Lieutenant Lind, the officer of the guard, at once surrounded the warehouse with his guards and searched the building. No more thieves were found, but a few boards had been knocked out under the platform, thus enabling a man to get under the building. Lansac looked over the prisoners and recognized one of them as a clerk who worked in the warehouse. He discovered that the dishonest clerk had cut a trap door in the floor which he had covered during the day with boxes. On the nights when his gang intended to visit the warehouse he would move the boxes away, thereby allowing the door to be pushed up from underneath.

Report was made to the commanding general the next morning and

a short time later Lansac was ordered to report to headquarters. "Private Lansac," the general said, "last night you did your duty like a soldier and I am proud of you. You have done what many others have been unable to do. I will commend you in the orders for today."

General Order No. 1

To take charge of this post and all Government property in view.

General Order No. 2

To walk my post in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing.

General Order No. 8

In case of fire or disorder to give the alarm.

General Order No. 12

To be especially watchful at night and, during the time for challenging, to challenge all persons seen on or near my post, and to allow no one to pass without proper authority.

CARELESSNESS

"**A**RACK, wake up. Jackson will give you two prisoners. Take them to the incinerator and have them thoroughly police the place." Arack yawned, took his rifle, and without inspecting it, went outside and received the prisoners.

Leaving the guard house, the prisoners were checked out by the corporal on duty and Arack made responsible for their safe return.

As they marched down the road, Arack kept about six paces in the rear so that he could more easily guard them. He gave the rifle salute to several officers who passed, for it did not interfere with his watchfulness.

Arriving at the incinerator, he put the men to work. Sentinels are required to make prisoners work hard.

About one hundred yards from where the men were working was the railroad. A long train of freight cars was slowly passing. Suddenly one of the prisoners dashed toward the train. "Halt! Halt, or I'll fire," shouted Arack. The running prisoner paid no attention to the challenge except to run faster. Arack did not wait to call halt again, because if he did the prisoner would be far away. Arack took careful aim at the running man and pulled the trigger, expecting to see the man fall. Click! Rapidly Arack re-cocked his piece, thinking it was a misfire. Click! again and the sentinel realized with a shock that his rifle was not

loaded. Before he could take a clip of cartridges from his belt the escaping prisoner had boarded the slowly-moving train and disappeared.

Arack could not chase after him, for by so doing the remaining prisoner would be without a guard.



"Empty!!"

There was nothing for the careless sentry to do except to return to the guard house and report that one of his prisoners had escaped.

The officer of the day at once placed him under arrest for neglect of duty. Later he was court-martialed for violating the Seventy-third Article of War and sentenced to six months at hard labor and to lose two-thirds of his pay per month for a like period. He did not receive a heavier sentence because the court believed that Arack was a good soldier and had only made this mistake through carelessness. They believed that, after he served this sentence, he would be more careful.

GETTING A GOOD REPUTATION

TONY ROCCO was walking Post Number Six thinking of his general orders and special orders.

A short time earlier the officer of the day had inspected Rocco, and when he was about six paces away, the watchful sentinel halted and came to a snappy "present arms." The officer stopped, returned the salute and, while the guard stood at attention with his rifle at "port arms," asked Rocco: "What are your special orders?" Sharp and quick came the reply: "Sir, my post is Number Six. It extends from the corner to the large tree. I will allow no one to go near the gasoline tank without a permit signed by Captain Elton." The officer was pleased with the sentinel's work; therefore he did not question him further, as he probably would have, if Rocco had not indicated by his salute and prompt answer that he knew the many duties of a guard.

Now Rocco was walking his post, watching a soldier who came toward him carrying a can. The soldier crossed his post with a cheery "Hello, Buddy, how is business?" Rocco knew that it was against general orders to talk to anyone except in line of duty, so he did not reply. He watched the man, however, and when he went to the gasoline tank and started to fill the can he challenged: "Halt, have you a permit

for that gasoline?" The man replied: "Oh, that's all right, you know me; I do not need a permit," and went on filling the can.

By this time Rocco was alongside of the man and he did not hesitate to do his duty. "Turn off that gas," he ordered, "you are under arrest. Corporal of the Guard, Number Six." Rocco made the man stay there till the corporal arrived, when he told how the man had disobeyed his order and had tried to steal Government property. The corporal took the prisoner to the guard house to await trial by court martial.



"The prisoner was led to the guard house for trying to steal Government property"

Rocco's prompt action made him a marked man with his officers, for they knew him to be a man they could depend upon.

General Order No. 1

To take charge of this post and all Government property in view.

General Order No. 2

To walk my post in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing.

General Order No. 3

To report all violations of orders I am instructed to enforce.

General Order No. 11

To salute all officers and all colors and standards not cased.

GENERAL ORDERS FOR ALL SENTINELS

1. To take charge of this post and all Government property in view.
2. To walk my post in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing.
3. To report all violations of orders I am instructed to enforce.
4. To repeat all calls from posts more distant from the guard house than my own.
5. To quit my post only when properly relieved.
6. To receive, obey, and pass on to the sentinel who relieves me all orders from the commanding officer, officer of the day, and officers and non-commissioned officers of the guard only.
7. To talk to no one except in line of duty.
8. In case of fire or disorder to give the alarm.
9. To allow no one to commit a nuisance on or near my post.
10. In any case not covered by instructions to call the corporal of the guard.
11. To salute all officers, and all colors and standards not cased.
12. To be especially watchful at night, and, during the time for challenging, to challenge all persons on or near my post, and to allow no one to pass without proper authority.

GENERAL ORDERS FOR SENTINELS AT THE POST OF THE GUARD

Between reveille and retreat to turn out the guard for all persons designated by the commanding officer, for all colors or standards not cased, and in time of war for all armed parties approaching my post, except troops at drill and reliefs and detachments of the guard.

At night, after challenging any person or party, to advance no one but call the corporal of the guard, repeating the answer to the challenge.

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